



Two



74 12 12

Chapter 1 by thefluffyone

Lets play a game!

From here on, every entry must start with "Two" and the rest of the story must go along with it.

Example of a first sentence: "Two years ago my mother died"

or whatever...

But remember...

Everything must start with "Two"

If you see one that doesn't start with two, don't vote for it!

Have fun!

Chapter 2 by Eloise



"Two, four, six, eight, who do we appreciate? Cougars! Cougars! Yaaaaaaay!"

Our team had won the soccer game! We were the Knights, they were the Cougars. We cheered for the other team, for good sportsmanship. But deep down inside, we were cheering for ourselves: We had made it to the championships.

Okay, not like world-wide championships. The Aspen Middle School championships. But STILL!

Chapter 3 by Harlander

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Two-nil wasn't a bad score

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The secret was our training regimen. Before each game, we spent the whole day and night awake, on a secret blend of caffeine power, blueberry Z-Mart Flav-O-Juiz(tm) - only that specific own-brand drink would do - and something Coach called "the secret ingredient".

It was only years later, after Coach was finally sent to prison, that we discovered what the secret ingredient really was.

Chapter 4 by Phantim



Two of the girls died. Soon many more were sick. The doctors at the hospital had noticed a connection between the cases... now our whole soccer team was in quarantine at the hospital while the tried to figure out the cause. Why were a dozen healthy young girls dying?

Chapter 5 by Conny Egozi



Two days later and still nobody had any answers. The unfortunate part of it all was that because nobody knew what was wrong, they also refused to provide us with food or drink, as they were afraid to have any contact with us.

So we waited, supposedly infected with a mysterious disease, with no access to civilization. Due to this, however, we soon found out precisely the symptoms of the Thing that Coach had given us.

We were, apparently, newly allergic to technology.

It made sense, logically, why Coach had done this to us, for if we had been addicted to our phones, we would have practiced soccer much less.

It started as simply an aversion, and so none of us thought anything of it, but, after repeated consumption of the Thing, the symptoms of exposure to technology grew worse, and so some became sick.

And so the quarantine continued, because the consequences for society would be dire

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Chapter 6 by R



"Two-timing lowlife idiot!" I noticed that I had stepped in to the room mid-conversation and stopped mid-phrase.

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"You asked me to keep you informed about the soccer team and Coach Baldwin's whereabouts?" I said carefully, and relief flooded her face.

"Please tell me that we have something." She said. "This is a disaster. I can't believe I gave that man a position teaching students-"

"He's fled the country, I'm sorry." I said, looking down. "But one of the doctors responded to me saying that they'll have the experimental cure ready by the end of today."

"Good." The principal grumbled and turned back to her desk. "And there's been no sign of any new cases of this disease, right?"

I looked away. There had been rumors, but nothing conclusive. I didn't want to catch her downtrodden face.

This was a bigger disaster than anyone could prepare for.

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